

## MEDICAL.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. A reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



## CURE SICK HEADACHE

Quickly and reliably all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Headache, Nervousness, Dizziness, Stomach distress, and all other ailments of the liver and bowels, can be cured by the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills. These pills are small, and so easy to take, and so gentle in their action, that they can be taken by the most delicate and the most robust alike. They are sold in 25-cent boxes, and are so small that they can be taken without the least inconvenience.

## ACHE

It is the base of so many evils that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and so easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. In value at 25 cents; five for \$1.25. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.  
SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

## The Superior

remedy for all diseases originating in impure blood; the

## MEDICINE

which may always be relied upon to give the best satisfaction, is

## AYER'S

## Sarsaparilla

Cures others, will cure you



## DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP

Always cures Coughs, Croup, and all Lung Troubles. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold in 25-cent bottles. Price, 25c. Office, 29 & 41 Park Place, N.Y.

## The smallest Pill in the World!

## TUTT'S

## Tiny Liver Pills

In all affections, such as headache, dizziness, nervousness, heartburn, biliousness, constipation, and all other ailments of the liver and bowels, these pills are a most reliable and effective remedy. They are so small that they can be taken without the least inconvenience. Price, 25c. Office, 29 & 41 Park Place, N.Y.

## Cook's Cotton Root

## COMPOUND

A recent discovery by an old physician, this is a most reliable and effective remedy for all ailments of the liver and bowels. It is so small that it can be taken without the least inconvenience. Price, 25c. Office, 29 & 41 Park Place, N.Y.

## Opium

and Whiskey Habits cured at home without pain. Book, "How to Cure Opium and Whiskey Habits," sent free. Address, P.O. Box 100, W. Woodlee, N.Y.

## A CERTAIN SIGN.

Atlanta Constitution.  
There's a lazy, lolling feeling in the deep an' dreamy days, when the wind a-blowin' from the violets in the ways.  
An' now the red woodpeckers are drummin' on the roof an' the crows are cawin' on the trees.  
But the best of all is checkers by the village grocery store.

## COYOTE-THAT-BITES.

Overland Monthly.

Not every Apache can get his fill of blood before sun up and his fill of mesquite before noon. Yet Coyote-That-Bites had managed to achieve both these delightful ends, and of all the happy savages on the Colorado desert he was the most riotously tumultuous. With what keen delight he had drawn his sharp blade across the throats of Jose Sanchez and his wife, after he had stolen into their wagon in the gray dawn, and what thrills of joy shot through his breast when he silenced the yells of their two little children with the butt end of their father's own rifle. And then, when he had taken what gold was in the Mexican's bag, what mesquite was in his demijohn, and had strapped Jose's rather loose-fitting cartridge-belt about his sun-brown belly, with what fierce pleasure he stole away from the scene of his bloody work, and with the Mexican's rifle on his shoulder wandered far down the dry arroyo, sipping from the demijohn the stupefying juice of the agave from time to time until he felt that he was growing drowsy.

Then he had dragged his uncertain way along until he had come to the railroad track. He stared stupidly at the bright steel rails and looked up at the humming wires in an awed sort of way. He would like to lie there behind the rocks, he thought, until some one should come along the track, and then try a shot at him with his newly acquired weapon. The demijohn was growing light and the rifle was growing heavy. Well, it was getting toward noon and rather warm, even for an Apache, and he would lie down in the shade of the rocks over there and rest.

The humming of the wires is a soothing sound, and no sooner had his head touched the earth than sleep took a mighty hold upon him and wiped out his realizing sense of joy, as sleep has a way of doing with everybody that has anything to be joyful for. And so he lay, with the rifle by his side, and his unspeakably hideous face turned up toward the blue that arched the desert.

It was quiet there and restful—no sound save the music of the wires. Stay, there were other sounds; but they came some time after Coyote-That-Bites had thrown himself upon the sand and gone off to the land of Nod. They came faintly at first, and mingled with the murmuring of the wires. Surely they were the voices of children.

Had the red beast been awake he might have imagined that they were the haunting voices of the two Mexican children whose blood he had so ruthlessly shed that morning, but he heard them not. They were very far from being ghostly voices anyway—those tones that now piped forth so merrily as Dubs and Gay trudged down the line. They were walking to the southeast along the road bed—not on the track, for that was forbidden.

There were other things that were forbidden, too, and one of these was straying so far away from the station, but Dubs was "taking good care" of his three-year-old sister, and in the pride of his six full years he was equal to the care of half a dozen such as Gay.

To give Dubs all due credit, he did not know he was a half a mile from home, and he really was going to turn back pretty soon. But the children had found more interesting and beautiful things to claim their attention. First there had been a chase after a young owl that could not fly, and that made its way along in the most haphazard manner imaginable. Then a horned toad had been captured, and Dubs had dragged the dazed prisoner along by a string until he had tired of the sport and let him go again. Then, always keeping close to the railroad, they had entered a great field of cacti, where Dubs had tried very hard to pick "toonies" without getting the insidious, needlelike spines in his fingers. He was fairly successful, but he would not let the fruit of the cactus go into his sister's chubby hands until it had been stripped of its dangers by his ready jackknife.

"F'n' you had sum matches to build a fire wiv," sighed Dubs, "I'd burn off vese prickles jus' like to Injuns does." "Oo!" came suddenly from under Gay's sunbonnet. "Wot's dat?" "Wy, it's a jug," and Dubs left the "toonies" and started toward the pile of rocks where lay the Coyote's demijohn, and where also lay the Coyote himself.

The two trudged up the little slope, and Dubs grasped the handle of the demijohn, only to let it drop again and spring back quickly with Gay in his arms, for he had caught sight of the Coyote, and he was smitten with a sudden desire to go home.

But he saw the Indian did not move, and so he suddenly became very brave. He was certainly sound asleep and no more to be feared than papa when he lay on the lounge in his midday repose. Then, too, Dubs was quite sure he was a "worky Injun," like the Yaquis, who shovelled and picked on the railroad, and so his mind became wholly at ease.

The Coyote's cartridge belt, which had been so loosely strapped, had fallen off and lay by his side. There were a hundred very interesting bits of brass sticking in it, and the children soon had these scattered all about in the sand by the snoring Coyote. In the scramble for her share of the innocent toys, Gay let one of them drop on the Coyote's leg. Perhaps the mesquite influence was off the wane, for a big brown knee was thrust quickly up from the sand, and a big brown hand clutched the ugly knife at the Coyote's side, but the hand fell and the noble man snored on.

Dubs tried on the cartridge belt and became an Indian, all but the indispensable knife, and he concluded to borrow that from the sleeper, whose fingers had lost their grip on the buckhorn handle. "It's bigger'n mamma's butcher knife, ain't it, Gay?" the young savage asked, as he grasped the handle of the devilish looking blade. "Now you 'tend over here and I'll get 'hind vis wock. Ven you tum along, an' I'll jump out and kill you."

Gay demurred.

"Oh, it's on'y make b'leve. Vese kind o' Injuns don't kill nobody," and he stuck a contemptuous finger toward the innocent Coyote. "It's on'y 'Paches' at kills, an' vey's none yound here, monnie says. I'm a 'Pache, so you better look out."

It was dubious sport for Gay, and when it came to the killing part she screamed lustily.

"You've woked him up and 'poiled it

all," said Dubs in a tone of accusation. "Now he'll want his knife."

Sure enough, the Coyote-That-Bites did shake his brown legs and arms quite vigorously, but the last two big swallows of mesquite held him down. So, after turning over and burying his hatchet-like face in the sand, he lay quiet again.

When he had thus turned over, was brought into view the rifle, which had been concealed by his dirty blanket. Dubs eyed the weapon with covetous eyes. He could not withstand the temptation of feeling it all over, standing it up on its butt and trying to shoulder it, but this last feat he could hardly accomplish. Just what it was that kept his fingers off the hammer and trigger, and prevented a sound that would surely have brought the Coyote to his feet with a yell, I am sure I cannot tell, but Dubs played with that fascinating weapon for nearly an hour, while Gay peered and over the cartridges, hiding nearly all of them from view.

By this time the sun's rays were on the long sand, and the children were very hungry. By this time, too, the Apache was growing restless, for the mesquite had nearly lost its grip upon him. A train thundering by, or, much less, a "twit" brushing against his black foot, a spider dropping on his leg, or even a big fly buzzing at his ear—any of these would have set his demon force into play again.

But the children could not wait for such demonstrations as these, though why it did not occur to Dubs that the Coyote's ear needed tickling with a greasewood twig, the Lord only knows. The wind was up, and the wires were murmuring louder than ever. The two ones had sported in the black shadows long enough—had played with the fangs of the deadly serpent until they had tired and their stomachs were empty. So they set off on a trot for home.

Just as they turned the bend and came in sight of the low roof of the station, a "dust devil" swept by the rocks where lay the Coyote-That-Bites. He jumped to his feet, grasped his empty sheath, gave a mad whoop, and stared about in feverish rage. There was his knife, half covered by the sand, and there was his rifle, far from his side. Here was the cartridge belt, empty, and all about him in the sand were countless little footprints.

A bewildered look stole over his face, but it passed away when his eyes rested on the empty demijohn. The expression that replaced it was one of demoniacal ferocity, and the lust of slaughter lay heavily upon him. But the cartridges—where were they? He saw Gay's mound of sand, and kicking it, gave a grunt of delight to see the brazen capsules that were scattered right and left by his foot.

He picked them all up, granting over each one. Filling the belt and grasping his rifle, he started off in the direction in which the small footprints led. Like a bloodhound, he chased along the track. His eyes scanned the plain at every turn, and his breath was hot and strong. But when he turned the big curve and saw the station, he knew that he was late—too late—and he gave a grunt of disgust, and was off like the wind over a side trail that led toward the sunset.

In the low roofed station house the mother crooned to tired little Gay, lying so soft and limp in her arms. She looked out over the desert, saw the sun touching the tips of the solemn giant cacti with purple dots, saw the prickly pear shrubs holding their grotesque arms above the great sweep of sand that ran down to the low horizon, and felt the inspiration of the scene, as she had often felt it before. For the desert has a beauty that is all its own. She knew that other women in the great cities and in the cool, green valleys might pity her in that desolate spot, but she felt that she needed not their pity. Dubs came and leaned his head against her arm, where she sat, and Gay nestled down with a tired sigh. Yes, there was much, she thought, for which to be thankful.

And in truth there was.

## It Is Not What You Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people. The voluntary statements of thousands of people prove beyond question that this preparation possesses wonderful medicinal power.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Tommy (humorist's son):—"Pa, gi' me a cent, please?" No response. Tommy, again:—"Pa, does silence mean assent?"—Epoch.

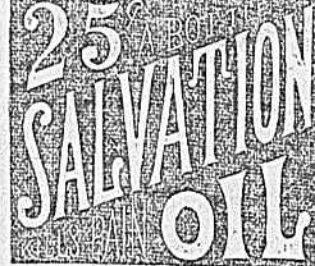
## A Plain Precaution.

Either to adopt a plain precaution, one sanctioned by experience and approved by medical men, or to incur the risk of a malady obdurate and destructive in its various forms of intermittent or bilious remittent fever, or dumb ague, which of the two? For every type, for every phase of malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a specific. It acts promptly—does its work thoroughly. As a defence against the malarial taint it is most effective. Emigrants to and denizens of regions in the West where malarial complaints are perennial visitors, should have a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For constipation, biliousness, rheumatism, "la grippe," kidney and bladder troubles the Bitters will be found no less useful than in cases of malaria. Against the injurious effects of exposure, bodily or mental fatigue, it is also a valuable protection.

The name of the postmaster general of Siam is Lomdetch Phra Chon Nong Ya Thor Shah Fa Bahamaungasi Swanguranga Kooma Araph Bhaunhadaroongasee Vavadey.

## To Young Mothers,

who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial, we offer you, not the stupor caused by chloroform, with risk of death for yourself or your dear, loved and longed-for offspring, but "Mother's Friend," a remedy which will, if used as directed, invariably alleviate the pains, horrors and risks of labor, and often entirely do away with them. Sold at wholesale and retail by Logan Drug Company and all druggists.



## BULL'S

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. Price 25¢ per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

## SHOKE-LANGE'S CURE FOR COUGHS

For the cure of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Whooping-Cough, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive persons. Price 25¢ per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

## FINANCE AND TRADE.

## The Features of the Money and Stock Markets.

New York, March 18.—Money on call easy at 1 1/2 per cent; loan 2 per cent; closed offered at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4 per cent. Sterling exchange at \$1 55 1/2 3/4. Sales \$20,000,000.

The transactions in the stock market proved conclusively that interest in the speculation has been reduced to a minimum, and while there were rumors of plenty of deals and combinations, none of them were of sufficient interest to rouse the market out of its rut of dullness and stagnation. There were no real features in the market at any time. Though the early decline and recovery in sugar are said to be the result of the selling orders emanating from Philadelphia, the trading was marked by the awakening of the traders and an attack on Reading depressed that stock about 1 per cent. Carrying the rest of the list a rule slightly below the opening prices, while Wheeling and Lake Erie was specially weak, declining 1 1/2 per cent before the decline was checked. The market closed dull and heavy at about the lowest prices reached. The bond market was in almost all cases small fractional points.

Railroad bonds. Sales \$1,370,000.

Government and state bonds dull and steady.

BONDS AND STOCK QUOTATIONS—CLOSED BID.

Adams Express	142	Oregon Improvement	116
American Express	117 1/2	Oregon Trans.	116
Canada Pacific	117 1/2	Pacific Mail	116
Canada Southern	117 1/2	Pacific Union	116
Central Pacific	117 1/2	Pullman Palace	116
Chicago & N. W.	117 1/2	Reading	116
do first preferred	117 1/2	Rock Island	116
do second pref'd	117 1/2	S. A. L.	116
Cal. Int. & Quincy	117 1/2	do preferred	116
Chgo. & N. W.	117 1/2	St. Paul & Omaha	116
Gen. Lark & West	117 1/2	Union Pacific	116
Iowa & G. pref'd	117 1/2	Utah Coal & Iron	116
Port Wayne	117 1/2	Utah Pacific	116
Illinois Central	116	U. S. Express	116
Illinois & M.	116	W. St. L. & P.	116
Lake Shore	116	do preferred	116
Louisville & Nash.	116	Wells Fargo Ex.	116
Mempis & Tenn.	116	Western Union	116
Missouri Central	116	Aron Oil Co.	116
Missouri Pacific	115	Iron Cotton	116
Nashville & Cent.	116	Quicksilver	116
N. O. & G. pref'd	116	do preferred	116
Norfolk & W. pref'd	116	Sutro	116
Northern Pacific	116	Rich'd. & W. P. T.	116
Northern P. & G.	116	Lead Trust	116
Northwestern	116		